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A Ferry Tale



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Chapter 1 by Darin Hartley

There she was again. Always on the 4:40 afternoon ferry from Seattle to Bainbridge Island. When the weather was warm like it was she would sit topside reading a book or her Kindle.

I loved walking past her to go to my seat. She smelled of citrus and things tropical and from a latitude much farther south.

Her jet-black hair would change color as wisps of it caught the wind blowing across the deck. She had a cute way she brushed it away from her eyes.

I wondered what she read. And where she might be going.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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